

Good Morning 679

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Calling A.B. Bud Fisher

WHEN we called at 29 Oxford Road, Birstall, Yorks, A.B. Bud Fisher, on VE-DAY plus two, your mother was doing a spot of spring cleaning. Surrounded by buckets, distemper, paint-brushes, furniture covered in dust sheets, apparently Mr. Right hasn't put and rolled-up carpets, she was busy in an appearance yet!

wherever he is, she expects he'll be dashing about just the same as ever.

Norah is still having her usual gay time with the boy-friends, but furniture covered in dust sheets, apparently Mr. Right hasn't put and rolled-up carpets, she was busy in an appearance yet!

She says you will be surprised when you come home and see what a good job she's made of it! The walls are painted cream, and stippled with orange, and, believe us, the room will look very bright and sunny when it's finished.

Mother has been wondering how you spent VE-Day, and hopes you had a good time.

Norah came home from Wetherby for the celebrations, but the wet weather rather put a damper on the proceedings. The family spent the two days' holiday decorating and gardening.

Your pal Jimmy Nicholson—"Flash" to you—from the "Batley News," has just joined the Navy. Your mother doesn't know where he's gone, but

Fireside Factory for Sto. John Kirton

EVERYBODY has heard of flag-bedecked streets for the home coming hero, and brass bands for "village lad makes good." But we'll bet you a thousand quid to a hayseed you've never run into—or stumbled across—a "welcome home" mat.

We found it at your home, Stoker John Kirton—in process of manufacture.

When we called at 24 Robinson Terrace, Turnstall, New Silks-worth, Sunderland, we found something more than a homely atmosphere. We found a living-room with strips of cloth in neat piles, scissors and hooks and canvas stretched over a trestle.

It was a fireside factory, and the workers were your mother, Mrs. Louisa Snell; your sister, Miss Ellen Kirton; and your step-father, Mr. Joseph Snell.

Mr. Snell appears to be factory manager and principal worker

combined, for he's been making mats ever since he was invalided from the mines, where he used to be a pit worker in a Durham colliery.

That's the only work his complaint allows him to do these days, so he decided that he'd branch out into a new line while the war was drawing to a close. He decided that he would make a welcome home mat for no other than yourself, John.

It's nearly half-finished now, but

the family is racing against time to complete it before you arrive, for they take a good deal of time and patience—especially if you're going to work "Welcome Home" wording neatly into the design.

And that's not all the preparation for your homecoming. They're busy decorating your room, and both your brothers and both your sisters are lending a helping hand. Even Alfie Nesbitt, the lodger, has been found to wield a pretty paint-brush in a just cause.

Interesting message from your



mother, by the way, is that you will have to "wear the white stockings." Apparently that's the odd saying round Durham way when a bloke allows his kid brother to get married before he does.

It's a saying that goes back generations in the county of Durham, and no-one quite remembers how it all began. But the fact remains that your younger brother Arthur decided to wed Miss Rita Wallace in the happy month of June.

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

How to Start Your Own Garage

REG. WILSON, F.I.M.T., now a successful garage proprietor, who started out with one bag of tools and a few pounds, has been invited this week to give you the low-down on establishing your own repair business.

The first thing you have got to ask yourself is, "Do I intend to start in business on my own account, or would I be better off in a job?" And that, of course, depends on how much knowledge you have, not only concerning the mechanics of motor-cars and their repair, but general business experience as well.

Now let us suppose you decide on the hard way, that is, being your own boss. How are you going to start about it? (I assume, of course, that you really know your stuff on car-engines, gear-boxes, back-axes, etc. If not, your best course would be to go the Ministry of Labour's Post-War Rehabilitation Training Centre, and take their Motor Engineering Course, and then get a job for a year or so to gain experience.)

Now this is how I would set about starting up on my own. Find a fairly large lock-up shed or disused shop in a district where you are known. And start small. That is, low rent and other overheads, even if the place is, say, a bit out of the way, that won't matter; after a while, if your work is reliable, reasonable, and, above all, delivered to time, the news will soon spread, and you'll soon build up good-will.

Don't think undercutting that big, swanky garage down the street is going to get you anywhere. It won't, believe me, but may lead to the bankruptcy court.

No; what matters is the personal touch. Go out to your customers and fetch their cars into your workshop, and when the job is finished,

deliver it back on time, with windows nicely polished, no dirty, greasy fingerprints on paintwork, upholstery, etc. In other words, you apply some of that Navy spit and polish to the finish of the job.

Buy yourself a nice big tin of metal polish, and shine up the petrol pipe and carburettor when you've finished the work that has been ordered so that the owner can lift the bonnet of his car and swank a bit about the way his job has been done.

It's attending to the details that make a successful business. You can't make a business pay on friendship, so although your first customers may be your friends, don't take advantage of them on this account.

Don't try the "clever" old gag in the motor trade of charging for parts you don't supply or work you don't do. The finest way of losing a customer is to go joy-riding on his car with the excuse that you are testing it.

On the other hand, make it quite clear right from the start that when you have done your job you want paying for it on the nail.

No owings, no credit and no liberties on either side has got to be your motto, and stick to it. Remember, every job you don't get paid for (because he was a pal and promised faithfully to pay you next week) is a double loss to you because you have got to get your own wages out of the job, and probably have had to pay out for parts as well.

After the war there will be lots of travellers hawking garage equipment on Hire Purchase—lovely-looking stuff, and if you're anything of a mechanic you'll be itching to get your fingers on it. Take my tip, and say, "Come back in three months' time, and if I have done enough work of the kind that the tool is designed to do, to justify its purchase, we will do a deal."

By then I hope to be able to pay cash." Just ignore his blarney and call, day and night, that's the interest, and up and up your over-heads and commitments are going while you are doing it.

Although possession of a telephone puts you at everyone's beck and call, day and night, that's the price you've got to pay if you're ambitious and want to build up a nice little business in the shortest possible time.

When you've got everything all fixed up to take your wife, or the girl-friend to the "flicks" for the evening, and just when you're all cleaned up and ready to go, you'll find that a good customer will drive up and want something done in a hurry.

Make up your mind once and for all that work has just got to come first, and you can't afford to show that you're annoyed or put out. Remember, good customers are not easily got, but very easily lost.

Don't be a stick-in-the-mud, take at least one good trade paper, so that you accumulate ideas and knowledge of new equipment and methods of doing jobs, and get to know other traders in your locality.

If you go about it in the right way, they can be very helpful, especially when they realise that although you are "small," you are only out to do an honest job, and are not out to pinch their customers by undercutting.

I have been helped in the past many a time by a rival firm who have lent me a tool to do a sticky job, because they knew that it would be returned IMMEDIATELY it was finished with, undamaged. Or if, as sometimes, ill-luck will have it, a borrowed tool did get damaged, an immediate effort would be made to get a replacement, and the fact that the tool was damaged freely and promptly acknowledged.

You know, when you come to weigh up human relationships, it's the chap that you can trust not to let you down, whatever the circumstances, whom you always remember, and I think it is the principle on which any business has got to be built.

Then, if slumps come, the smart Ales who apparently left you standing when money was easy, will one after another go smash, while you with your low overheads and just a little put by for a rainy day, will still quietly go jogging along, and even your pals will say, "Old So-and-So's a lucky guy!"

You may well ask, "What is the minimum I need in the way of equipment, and how much is it going to cost?" Frankly, I can't give you the answer, for it depends so much on individual circumstances.

I would suggest a really good selection of first-class spanners that really fit the nuts they are going to be used on, and a selection of socket wrenches with handles attached of the wheel-brace type. These can be purchased in sets complete with metal panel and spring clips for attaching to the wall (incidentally, these make a good show). They are much better than detachable socket sets.

Another must, is a really good garage jack, that will go under the axle of anything from an Austin seven to a Rolls Royce, and then be capable of lifting it.

For greasing and removing sumps and generally making adjustments underneath, two lengths of wood eight foot by twelve by two inches, raised on one end by uprights of about eighteen inches, to form a ramp, will prove invaluable.

They will enable you to do most of the jobs with compara-

tive ease that a two to three hundred pound car-ramp will do, and won't get frozen up in the winter, as some of these expensive bits of equipment have a habit of doing.

Admittedly the big outfit can do the job a lot quicker, but in practice, does it? For myself, I would sooner give the job to a conscientious one-man concern, provided he knows his job, than the

USELESS EUSTACE



"You're tellin' me she's rollin' a bit! I'm 'aving a devil of a job to get the jellies to set!"

biggest garage in the country, because it isn't the garage that does the job, but the man behind the tool.

Therefore, to summarise, your chances in the motor-trade are as good as the next chap's, if you do a straightforward, clean, efficient job, and demand prompt settlement.

LIFE IN U.S.A.

IN the Hollywood Canteen a girl sits at a typewriter to take letters from Service men to parents, friends and sweet-hearts. The other day I saw a tall, blond sailor, not over 19, waiting in line at her desk. At last he stood shyly in front of the girl, but just as she asked him to sit down, he suddenly seemed to lose heart. "I'll... I'll have to think it over!" he said, and walked back to the end of the line.

Finally, he sat beside the girl. Looking down at his shoes, he dictated hesitatingly: "Darling, this is the last night of my leave. To-morrow we are shipping out again. I just want to tell you that you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I wish I'd met you before. I wonder if you'd write to me sometimes. I'll surely appreciate it. I'm sure you are wonderful! I wish you luck and hope you'll write. I never saw a girl like you. Honest I didn't!"

After giving his name and address he got up quickly, saying, "That's all. Thanks!" as he moved away.

"Hey, sailor!" the girl called after him. "What's her name and address?"

The sailor turned around, swallowed hard, and said, "I don't know your name." Then he was gone.

The girl says this was one boy she was surely going to write to.

PETER HELMERS.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CAN YOU READ A COAT OF ARMS?

There are coats and surcoats; and left is right, and Badges are really Crests; in this explanation of the art of Heraldry

By PETER VINCENT

THE science of the Herald, or the science of armorial devices, called heraldry, is a very ancient and complicated one. Evolved by the necessities of battle, heraldry has, down through the centuries, played a vital part in European history.

Originally granted only to those of noble blood, armorial bearings nowadays are liable to represent anything, including Borough Councils and Insurance Companies. They are none the less interesting or honourable for their extended use.

In the Grants of Badges by His Majesty to the fighting Services, and in the use of other heraldic devices by them, can be seen a custom which started in the Middle Ages. To-day, heraldry, in modern garb, is continuing its age-old job of identifying—men and properties, regiments and ships.

HEREDITARY insignia have been used by mankind since the dawn of our history. Perhaps the first hereditary device, crudely painted, was used by some primitive tribe to distinguish its members from another.

The great Chinese, Assyrian, and Egyptian civilizations give abundant evidence of symbols and artistic devices which were of a hereditary nature—being handed down from father to son. Virgil assigns to Aeneas a hereditary emblem derived by him from his father. The Eagle of the Caesars was certainly a hereditary design.

But it is not until the end of the 12th Century that we find the science of armorial insignia in general use, following clearly defined laws and rules, as a method of ascertaining at a glance a person's family, rank or nationality.

One is inclined to ask why at that particular period in history, did heraldry first commence? Was it merely a desire for display that made men paint their shields with signs and colours? Perhaps, but it seems more likely that neces-

sity was, among other things, the mother of heraldry.

The shield had been invented long before the 12th Century, but coat armour, completely in-cluding the warrior, first came into existence at that time.

In the armies of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, or previous civilisations, identification of the individual in battle was easy. One only had to look at his face.

This was not always possible during the 12th Century, however, when all Europe was busy fighting a Holy War, as the use of armour, usually of a stereotyped pattern, had evolved to a state where the entire face and body were often concealed.

It became necessary to be able to distinguish by some emblem, friend from foe. The obvious place to put such a distinguishing mark was the shield—and hence the commencement of armorial bearings.

When, during the Crusades, a surcoat was needed to keep the Mediterranean sun off a warrior's armour, this too was

embroidered with the distinguishing device, either a personal or national design. In fact, it can be said that the Crusades were responsible for the rapid and universal development of heraldry, but it is not true to say that heraldry owes its origin to them.

Firmly established by the Holy Wars, the science of heraldry developed, becoming more complex and intricate in its evolution.

The coat of arms became not only a personal device, but a regimental insignia as well. The nobleman's family banner, forerunner of the family standard, which had long been the rallying point in battle of his retinue, was now emblazoned with the same design as used upon his shield and surcoat.

A badge of the arms and its colours was worn by his followers. The arms were carved into his seals and silver ware, displacing the cyphers previously used. They were embroidered on to cloths and linens and carved into wood and stone.

The artistic possibilities inherent in heraldry came out in every possible manner. By the end of the 13th Century heraldry was a highly complex science—loved and understood by Kings and Commoners, Noblemen and Serfs.

When the development of gunpowder made shields and armour a thing of the past, armorial bearings remained—an excellent method of identifying belongings and properties. They also appealed to the artistic taste with their



The King.

THE ROYAL ARMS * Quarterly: 1st and 4th (for England), gules, 3 lions passant guardant in pale, or; 2nd (for Scotland), or, a lion rampant within a double tressure flory counterflory gules; 3rd (for Ireland), azure, a harp or, stringed argent. Crest: (for England), the imperial crown proper, thereon statant guardant or, a lion imperially crowned, also proper. Supporters: dexter, a lion rampant guardant or, crowned as the crest, sinister, an unicorn argent, armed, crined, and unguled or, gorged with a coronet composed of crosses patee and fleurs-de-lis, a chain affixed thereto passing between the fore-legs and reflexed over the back of the last.

numerous designs and fanciful beasts and figures which tended to increase in number and variety as time passed.

Nations and families became identified with particular "charges" as these emblems are called. The lion of England, the Stafford knot, the Fleurs-de-Lis of France, the eagle of du Guesclin, the martlets of Pembroke, the dolphin of the Dauphin. All these heraldic devices became associated in people's minds with a certain nation or family.

Even to-day, one is still inclined to symbolise England as a Lion, Wales as a Dragon, or Germany as an Eagle or Swastika, the latter incidentally a very old heraldic "charge."

It is a fact that the beauty of armorial bearings was greatest during its functional life. When shields were no longer used in battle, heraldic "charges" became over-complicated—too many charges—too many quarterings—with the resultant loss of beauty.

This uglification continued down the centuries, reaching its peak in the Victorian era, which, as far as heraldry is concerned, can be described as one of frightful ugliness. Such articles as telescopes, hairbrushes, ladders and even chairs were being put into coats of arms.

Very good examples of modern heraldry can be seen in the Grants of Badges (so often wrongly termed crests), to ships of the Royal Navy and Squadrons of the Royal Air Force. Some of these are striking examples of beauty, dignity and symbolism. These badges are designed by officers of the College of Arms and approved by the King before being granted.

The general public to-day is not very well conversant with the science of heraldry.

(Continued on Page 3)

I Get Around

By DEREK HEBENTON

SAILORS Week in London found good crowds around Trafalgar Square each day, when many speakers told the people the history and secrets of the King George Fund for Sailors.

The Week was part of the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Appeal, and well-known figures helped in the effort. Brains-Truster Commander A.B. Campbell and comedian Robertson Hare were star attractions the day I wandered along, but with all due respect to those two, I think the public were more interested in the display of naval equipment than in the spoken word.

The fine weather may have had something to do with it, for there were many Londoners taking the opportunity of looking-over two motor torpedo-boats moored on the Thames at Westminster.

★

HOW would you like roast turkey every Sunday; bacon and eggs and steak and chips as daily menu items; spotless china and cutlery, snow-white tablecloths and white-coated Sinhalese waiters; separate bedrooms, each with wardrobe and writing-table; two lounges, smoke room, bar, library, billiards room, two gift shops, barber's, clothes-valeting services, and information bureau; weekly dances attended by Servicewomen, and "mixed restaurant" where guest Servicewomen may dine any day? Yes, I thought you would.

N.A.A.F.I. announce that such a club is now operating in Colombo, and the cost is two rupees—about three shillings—a day.

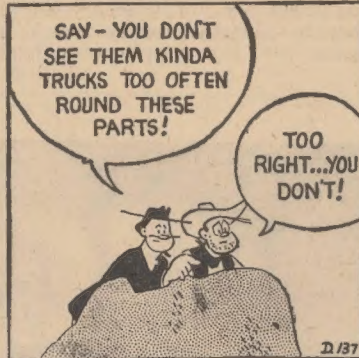
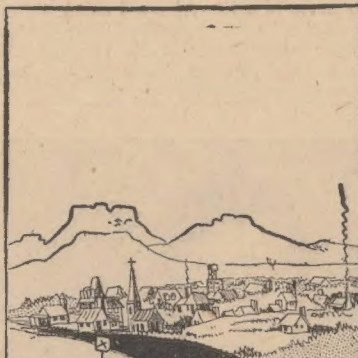
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A SIGN of the times is the announcement that a new 1,000-seater cinema, costing £20,000, which is being opened at Dungarvan, Eire, is to have special arrangements for queues.

The owners are obviously optimists. The war can't last for ever.

Old Bill, who had just got his glasses, Bumped into the lads and the lassies. Said they, looking wise, "What! Specs, for the eyes?" "No! For corns," said old Bill, "silly asses."

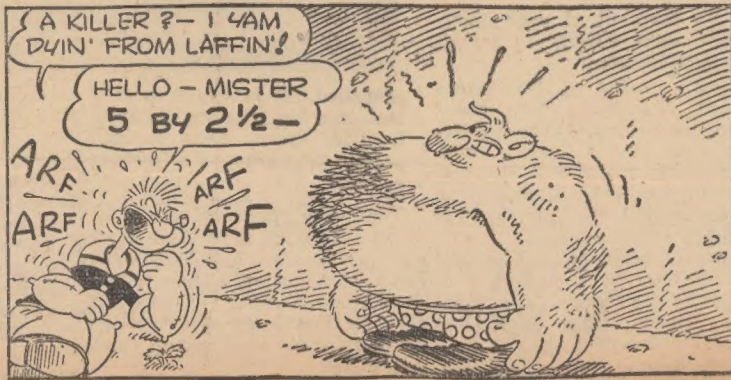
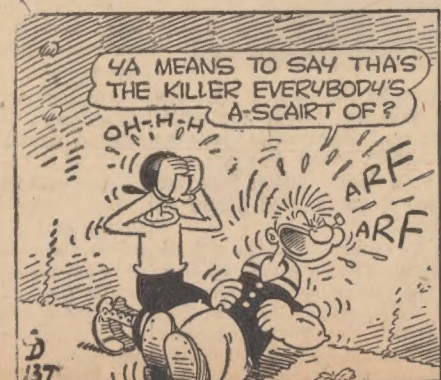
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

1. Cut one letter out of an Ally and get a large animal.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: Uildersegintouldigarnswi-thakedricks.
3. What common word has LLLAR for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: This year many Greeks will — to —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 617

1. LAT(C)H.
2. Cut the string short and try tying the tips.
3. PortMANTeau.
4. Ate, tea.

JANE

CAN YOU READ A COAT OF ARMS?

(Continued from Page 2)

However, a knowledge of the basic facts of heraldry should be known by everyone if only to help preserve them from the numerous titled frauds and phonies, especially those of the "refugee Count" type. These people always lavishly display their "coat of arms." A knowledge of heraldry will often disprove their claims.

Those who wish to understand the whys and wherefors of heraldry, cannot do better than acquaint themselves, as a start, with the Royal Arms—truly as beautiful as any in existence to-day.

The four countries of the United Kingdom are represented on this shield, Wales being regarded as coming under England. The English coat of three lions (originally three Leo-Pards) is placed in the first quarter, this being the place of honour, or right side of a shield. Next comes

Scotland, then Ireland, and in the fourth quarter, the Arms of England are repeated. This gives a balanced artistic effect.

To understand why what is apparently the left side of a shield is described as the right in heraldry, and vice versa, you must remember that a shield is always described as though the person describing it was holding the shield in front of him, as if in battle.

Hence, the right, or dexter, side of his shield (the part nearest to the heart and hence a place of honour), is to someone standing in front of him, the left, or sinister side of the shield, and vice versa.

Consequently, though the Arms of England appear to be on the top left and bottom right of the shield, they are actually on the top right and bottom left of the coat of arms. The same rule applies to the supporters.

(More to-morrow)

LAUGH AT JOKE CORNER!



"Hawkins, have you borrowed my last pair of Nylons, again?"



"So you can't sleep, eh? Hold on, I'll sing you a lullaby!"

Marie McDonald

WHEN "Guest in the House" arrived in London, it brought with it "The Body" in the shape of one Miss Marie McDonald, former singer and small-part player. As the model to artist Ralph Bellamy, Marie turns in a nice piece of acting and at the same time displays a generous portion of the McDonald curves.

The future looks decidedly rosy for the 21-year-old Miss McDonald, born Cora Marie Froenur, of Vienna. When Marie was eight months old the family moved to America, where they have been ever since.

At the age of fifteen she was modelling clothes, and at sixteen was in George White's "Scandals." From there she went to Hollywood to play in a succession of small parts before getting her first chance to display her undoubted acting ability in her latest film. Now she wants to be another Bette Davis.

She married agent Vic Orsatti in January, 1943, and they live in what is termed a "modest little mansion" in Beverly Hills. She plays the piano and the uke, and also sings—well.

And that is about all there is to tell about "The Body."

Dick Gordon

CROSS-WORD CORNER

MEW MOIST J
AROMA NERVE
SEVERN NEAT
SCENT BOAS
IT DISORDER
V S NUT S O
EVIDENCE SO
OMIT HARES
SLIT DESERT
HEATH REEVE
Y NOOKS FED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13		14			
15				16		17		
18			19		20			21
22		23					24	
	25					26		
	27			28		29		
30			31		32			
33						34		
35						36		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Talks. 5 Analyse sentence. 10 Silence. 11 Discuss. 12 Drive. 14 Test. 15 Adversary. 17 Some. 18 Amusement. 19 Hot drink. 22 Otherwise. 23 Unit of length. 24 Pronoun. 25 Coercion. 26 Incline. 27 Veto. 28 Cuban capital. 30 Paste. 32 Ridicules. 33 Temper. 34 Sing rhythmically. 35 Defy. 36 Allots.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Thin gauze. 2 Comicality. 3 Poplar. 4 Those folk. 5 Favourite. 6 Scrape off. 7 Wet. 8 Remain. 9 Fish. 13 Subsequently. 16 Nick. 20 Reverie. 21 Meals. 23 Dealer. 24 Sea-snail. 25 Local animals. 26 Unspoken. 27 Rib. 29 Rodent. 30 Fish. 31 Owned.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND.—A quiet stream flows between its rush-lined banks, an old stone humped-backed bridge spans the stream. A cluster of cottages climbs the wooded hill. This typically English scene is Ludlow, Shropshire, on the River Teme.



The young lady in the posture that pleases is movie-starlet Marilyn Maxwell. When we used to paint a bit, we had a model who would insist upon sitting in a cane-bottomed chair — despite the impression she created!



"CALF LOVE."—Feminine charms having failed to make an impression on this calf, the landgirl trying to shift it from one shed to another, calls in the help of a "pushing" young man.



PENSIVE PENELOPE

The young lady in speculative mood is (we are told) disporting herself in the "tourist fairyland" called Cypress Gardens in Southern Florida. She is wearing a "button - down - front" play suit — and, underneath, the newest thing in swim - suits. Speaking for ourselves, she's the freshest thing in swim-suits we've seen!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

